



I don't need
to
disembowel
chickens or
interpret
dreams to
know what
the haps are.
I just ask...

THE OMEN



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for the first issue in the 28th Volume of the Omen on February the 2nd in 2007, the year of our Lord.

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TO SUBMIT:

Submissions are due on alternating Saturdays before 5 P.M. You can submit in rich text or plain text format by CD, Flash Drive, singing telegram, carrier pigeon, paper airplane, FedEx, Pony Express, semaphore, or email. Get your submissions to Jacob Lefton, Merrill B307, Box 0953, jwl04@hampshire.edu

"Women should be obscene
but not heard."
- Robert Heinlein, on Women.
Stranger in a Strange Land

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February 2nd, 2007

EDITORIAL Adventure!

I had my first car accident over the break! Well, it wasn't really an accident, because there wasn't a collision with anything, though we did go off the road.

It was a cross country car trip, but it wasn't in a car. It was in a pickup truck. A Chevy S10 manual transmission with an extended cab. The front was a split bench seat. Two fold-down paddle seats were in the back of the cab. There was enough room for five of us, and we fit all five in there, with enough luggage to go across country and back to spend the holidays at home.

We couldn't really sit in the thing without being in physical contact without at least one other person in the truck. If you were in the co-pilot seat, side saddling the shift-stick, you were touching two people, and there was absolutely *nothing* you could do about it.

Luckily, we were all circus people.

On the way back, there were only four of us, because one was spending Christmas in California with family there.

We left Colorado Springs going east the morning of that big storm that dumped 30+ inches of snow in various parts of the state. When we got out of the mountains and onto the highway, there was serious shit coming from the sky. The roads were

icier than we thought they were.

Suddenly, the back of the truck started leading.

"We're okay," said the driver, even though we were fucked, as the back swerved to the left, and then the right. It swerved left again, much too far for any normal swerve.

"We're not okay," she said.

Suddenly, we were hydroplaning at 80 miles per hour down I-70 in the left lane in the middle of the country.

The momentum carried us off the highway and through the muddy grass median. That moment will always be with me, as our tires hit the grass—first the left side and then the right. We were up on the left two wheels with mud flying by the window and all the consistent rumbling of the road was gone, suddenly replaced by chilling silence — a sound I will never forget — and horrible bumping as the truck smashed a huge trough across the median, backwards at 80 miles an hour.

The median must have slowed us down, because we drifted across the other side of the icy highway in front of oncoming traffic, up a shallow hill, and then back down. There was no horrible sound of crunching of metal or awful breaking glass.

"We're okay," I said.



POLICY

The Omen is Hampshire's longest-running bi-monthly publication, established by Stephanie Cole and Scott Tundermann in December of 1992. In the past, submissions have included students' perspectives on the campus, administration, news, movie reviews, commentary, short fiction, satire, first born, artwork, comics, and the occasional embarrassing self-promotion.

Everything the Omen receives, provided it is sent from a member of the Hampshire community, will be published unless it is deemed libelous or defamatory. Although we find such things amusing and entertaining for countless hours, it is just not an option in this forum. Libel will be considered clearly false or unsupportable writing that maliciously damages a person's reputation.

The Omen will not edit anything you write (except spelling and grammar). You must sign your real name (no anonymous submissions) and understand that you are responsible for what you say. Nonetheless, views in the Omen do not necessarily represent the views of anyone, anywhere, living or dead.

There is no Omen staff, save those positions of editor-in-chief and layout editor. To qualify for community service you must be a consistent contributor and help regularly with layout. Layout times (and such) will be discussed at our meetings. Meetings are held every Tuesday after release of an issue in the Leadership Center at 6PM. Everyone, everywhere, living or dead, should come.

The Omen loves you.

THIS OMEN IS DEDICATED
IN LOVING MEMORY TO
ERIC SCHOCKET AND
KATHY KYKER-SNOWMAN



We are greatly saddened by the passage of two of Hampshire's most amazing people during this school year. I had the pleasure of working with both Eric and Kathy in different forums since I arrived at Hampshire, and I can rightfully say that this school is a dimmer place with their passing.

With Kathy, I worked on Orientation in both Fall 2005 and 2006. Her energy and enthusiasm was incredibly inspiring.

With Eric, I worked on the Educational Policy Committee for the brief months that he was around during the Fall of 2005. If not for him, I wouldn't be sitting on the committee right now, doing what I can to strengthen Hampshire's dedication to alternative education.

I hope their vibrant spirits live on in the directions and goals of the school.



THE OFFICIAL OMEN HATK!

Views in the Omen (5)

Do not necessarily (7)

Reflect the staff's views (5)



Open Letter to Victoria From Emerson Brisbon

Dear Victoria,

It's disappointing, though not surprising to see that you had no truly articulate way of defending your offensive personal ads to this so called "unpassioned" person beyond deflecting the blame onto the Omen staff for encouraging you to "push the envelope." Despite whether or not this is true, you as an individual still possess the agency to decide whether or not you were getting in over your head.

This was obviously the case, considering you felt the need to adopt a sarcastic tone and put yourself into the victim role by assuming that because someone decides to call you out, that means they think that you are a "genuinely sick, twisted, person." Did you stop to think that maybe your experiment in satire has failed? That maybe you need to find a new approach?

Perhaps being your honest and true self would be ideal in this sort of a situation... though crying while

watching Schindler's List does not, unfortunately, make you a responsible and socially aware member of the community.

To assume the reason why people are offended is because they are taking your personals seriously or believe them to be real is highly unlikely. Rather, making fun of people with AIDS, or who have been raped- or how some people perform sex acts is unnecessary. You may find the articles you read in the Advocate strange and unusual, but instead of assuming that you have a right to judge those personals, it may be more beneficial for you to go do a little studying to figure out what they're really about.

Beyond this, saying that some things just need to be joked about because nothing can be done, is ludicrous. Perhaps you feel helpless thinking of these large social issues, but many people are actively working toward decreasing the spread of HIV, finding a cure, supporting rape victims, teaching

self-defense, etc. and there are plenty of ways for you to get involved! Making fun of these issues, however, does nothing to increase people's awareness... I'll assume at this point, that all it may do is make you feel edgy, ironic, and witty; and perhaps the people who think the personals are funny feel the same. But your personals are not any of those things, they're just ignorant.

This may feel like a personal attack... and in many ways it may be. But you should know Victoria, that you are just one part of a long existing culture at Hampshire that feels as though being offensive is cool, that we are so beyond issues of race, class, gender, sexuality, etc that all there is left is to make fun of it. What is not acknowledged is that ignorance is not ironic; that this façade of a deeper knowledge is just that, meaningless; that the students who came to Hampshire under the illusion that it was actually a progressive institution are fed up, and we will not stand for it any longer.



If I Had a Megaphone

"We will not stand in static silence as the administration pushes OUR institution in a direction where the students are "ironic," mainstream, and self-involved while at the same time claiming to be a community of colorblindness and tolerance; where the bubble of Hampshire is not seen as a microcosm in which we can strive for radical change, but one that is satisfied with the illusion that Hampshire is "better" than other institutions and therefore good enough.

Hampshire does not care about progression, does not care about activism. Hampshire cares about money. It's system for handling broken community norms is incomplete and faulty. In the end, the administration is mainly silent, leaving it entirely up to the students to solve an issue that Hampshire claims not to tolerate.

We are fed up with our concerns being responded to with ingenuine interest: a smile and a nod... only to be forgotten, to be pushed under the

rug; the "kids" concerns, and therefore irrelevant. If the administration does not take it's students seriously, does nothing to support our attempts to make this college a safe place for everybody, what does this message convey for our sense of accountability to each other? Trying to work with the institution has failed continuously. But this is our school. We pay for the red tape, but we will not go through it any longer. We demand that our voices be heard."



[by Emerson Brisbon]

[by Emerson Brisbon]

She's not that hot, but I still have a hard on.



Oh boy oh boy! First day on the job! What a day! Nowhere to go but up up up from here! I have been waiting for this moment since I was 11 years old. I remember it as if it was yesterday! I was in my treehouse playing when Daddy asked me to come down for dinner. When I got down the ladder, he asked, "What do you do,

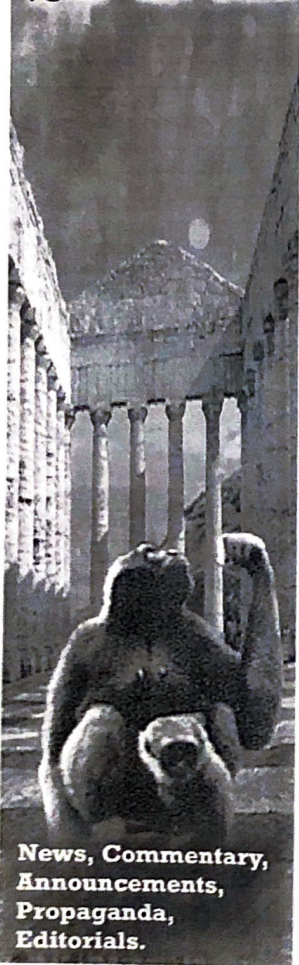
up there all day, sweetiepie? And I said, I practice being a grown-up! One day, I will be a successful businesswoman! I will earn the respect of all my male colleagues and be truly happy! And Daddy said, "Honey, are you sure you don't want to be a nurse or a cat breeder instead?" and I said "No Daddy! I'll show everybody what I can do when I put my mind to it! The stars are the limit! Success is a matter of trying your best and keeping a smile on your face! When I have a daughter I will be an inspiration to her! My life is going to be so darn swell! I can't wait to start!



[Submitted by Abby Ohlneiser]

Humor of the workplace!

SECTION SPEAK



News, Commentary,
Announcements,
Propaganda,
Editorials.

Interviews with Thomas Pynchon and Joyce Carol Oates

[by Jonathan Ziemba]

Me: It is really a pleasure and an honor to have the chance to interview Thomas Pynchon. I hope we can have a good interview about you and your books.

Thomas Pynchon: Hey

ME: So can you tell us a little bit about your new book that you wrote this year?

TP: It takes place in the Amazon rainforest, for starters.

ME: Oh wow, have you ever been there? Have you been to the Amazon?

TP: Yeah I went there.

ME: Great, can you tell us a little behind that story? It isn't everyday that writers wind up floating down the Amazon!

TP: Heh, you got that right. I knew I wanted to write a book all about the Amazon, so I decided to go there. Henry James said "Write what you know."

ME: Can you tell us about the characters in your story?

TP: There are a lot of them. I thought of most of them while writing my other novels, and I had to put them aside because they didn't work well with what I was writing. But I also didn't want to force them all into one book about the Amazon! I had to make a lot of decisions.

ME: How do you think of all these characters? How do you come up with your characters?

TP: I like to look at people; I like to see the way people act. Some people I look at and I say, "Wow, that person has a strange way of acting, that would be interesting to read about in a book."

ME: Do you want to give us any hints about the title of the book? [winks]

TP: Heh, I'd rather leave it a secret.

ME: You like to write interesting books, but what else do you like to do?

TP: I like to exercise, and I like to construct model sets.

ME: Thank a whole lot for giving a bit of your time, and we'll keep our eyes out for "Amazon Kingdom" later this year!

TP: Thank you, it was a bunch of fun



Me: Today I am honored to have a guest that you probably know as a famous novel writer, but also someone who enjoys tending to birds. I read that recently, is it true?

Joyce Carol Oates: It is, it was a hobby I picked up when I was living in Illinois as a child. Because of space issues I had to give it up when I moved to the City, but I have recently started again at a house I purchased in Pennsylvania.

Me: What are your thoughts on the birds you took care of as a youth?

JCO: I think out of all the experiences of childhood, the days spent with my birds stand out the most. To be honest I was a klutz around them, my uncle often had to help me from scaring them away, but I loved watching them fly.

Me: And currently?

JCO: The birds? Oh I love them. I've given them each names of people I have known in my life. When one lands next to another I think about those people, it really reminds me of all of the experiences I have had. It reminds me of my childhood. It is as if my experiences are in those birds.

Me: You are interested in poetry?

JCO: Oh absolutely. I've just started reading more poetry; I'm even losing

sleep over it. I read it late at night when no one is around.

Me: I am picturing your new book, don't tell me, birds reading poetry? [laughs]

JCO: [laughs] Oh we'll see



Me: I wonder if you can tell us a bit about becoming a writer. When did you first know you wanted to be a writer, or maybe even the first time you knew you

had written something?

JCO: That is hard, you know. Writing was never really important to me as child; it wasn't ever anything I knew I wanted to do. I didn't just fall into the profession, but it wasn't a childhood dream either.

Me: Where do you think American literature is going?

JCO: I think it is going where it needs to go. People will keep writing as long as there are things they need to express.

Me: An exciting prediction to close the interview... Thanks a bunch Joyce Carol Oates for stopping by.



Lost and Found as seen posted to the Hampshire "Intranet Portal":

01/29 Lost:
Black Ipod Nano in Case
01/29 Found:
black stretchy glove
01/28 Lost:
Nikon F3 35mm camera
01/28 Lost:
Silver Necklace w/ Earth charm
01/28 Lost:
Keys on Red Carabiner
01/26 Found:
Cell phone
01/26 Lost:
Comic Book about radio documentary
and manilla envelope

01/26 Lost:
30 GB Ipod in a Clear Blue Case
01/25 Lost:
ID Remy Zbel 06
01/24 Lost:
Black Leather Gloves with Fur RE-
WARD!!!
01/18 Lost:
Cell Phone
01/18 Found:
Cell Phone
01/15 Lost:
arrested development disc 3 season 2
01/13 Found:
Pink and Blue Mitten

01/10 Lost:
black leather jacket
01/09 Lost:
CELL PHONE
01/09 Lost:
CELL PHONE
01/08 Found:
bicycle cable (brakes?)
01/08 Found:
guitar
01/08 Lost:
id card rachel alexandrou



[Submitted by Jonathan Ziemba]

First Date

[by Athena Currier]

I've only been on one date in my life. A "real" date, where one person asks the other person to go somewhere, and you go, and the two of you are clearly "together." My date was for the homecoming dance my freshman year of high school, with Mickey, a band geek friend of mine whom I didn't find attractive at all. I knew in advance that he was going to ask me because one of his friends told me. Warned me. We cut through an entire pep fest together. Mickey and I, senior names in hand, belting out "Respect" and Paul Simon's "Late in the Evening." I don't know why those two pop songs were pep fest standards at my school, but we played them every year, and it always sounded terrible. Being in band meant you had to sit with the band, in the very last row of bleachers, furthest away from the gym floor. I didn't mind. I was never thrilled to watch our football players do a square dance, or the overweight cheerleaders attempt pyramids. But on that particular Friday, sitting next to my senior friend Mickey, and just waiting, waiting for that awkward moment I knew was coming—well that was when band really sucked.

We got through the whole festival, and it was the end of the school day, Friday, and the dance was the next day, Saturday, and Mickey hadn't said anything, he just sat next to me sweating and breathing heavily. I was thinking, "okay, maybe he didn't want to ask me after all." But alas, just when I got through the door and was about to leave, he grabbed my shoulder and said, "do you want to go to the dance with me?" And I blushed and said, "sure!" because I didn't know what else to say.

I wanted to vomit. I had to go to cross-country practice after that, and I sat in the locker room holding my stomach, feeling moderately violated. I

detailed it in my freshman-year journal thus: "the horrible part is, I didn't feel even slightly happy after saying yes. I felt sick to my stomach, and nervous, and embarrassed. There was this sense of impending doom. It was the worst feeling I can ever remember having."

Man: This may explain why I've never gone on another date. The date itself explains why I later gained a reputation in high school as a "feminazi" and possible lesbian. I refused to dance with him. Mickey. My date. I showed up with two girlfriends, both of them in mini skirts, me in green cargo pants. Mickey was wearing an ugly gray-and-blue long-sleeved shirt, and his hair was Muttel pink. As usual, he was sweating.

We went into the "dance," which was our high school cafeteria, with the tables pushed up against the walls for the nerdy kids to hunch themselves up against. Those that weren't dancing could hang out in the brightly lit lower cafeteria, where a few lonely moms were selling candy and beverages. I sat in there for a long time, laughing too loudly with my friend Sarah, and pointedly turning my back on Mickey. He complimented my Converse high-tops. I said thank-you. Over and over he asked if I wanted to go dance with him, but I said no. I said it was tacky to dance in a high school cafeteria. He said I was probably right, but he asked again. I told him he could dance with Sarah, she wanted to dance. He said no, he wanted to dance with me, that was why he'd asked me. I ignored him some more.

I managed to not dance at all, avoiding him as best I could until his mom came to pick him up at 10:30. At that point I pushed my other two friends into dancing with various guys. They were very happy about it, happy I'd dragged them along since things turned out so romantically. As for me, I was

much happier to just watch it all from a distance, keeping myself safely separate. I wondered at the time if that made me weird, and journaled about that too. "Is it really only in the movies that things like this aren't horribly awkward and squeamish? Or is it just me? Because those other couples were seemed to be enjoying groping each other."

Looking back on my 9th-grade self, I know I've come to understand a bit more about the "groping" stuff, and no longer find it so "awkward and squeamish." With age comes confidence, at least a little, and that dispates some of the discomfort, as well as the inability to say no to boys you aren't interested in. Because I wasn't interested in Miles, not at all. I found him obnoxious in every way, from the smelly tweed dress jacket he wore every day to the fact that he bought himself a pair of black Gossamer immediately after complimenting mine. We went on to become good friends, though, and made lots of short comeds and action movies together. He was my junior prom date, so I did finally dance with him. And it wasn't very awkward. I just never wanted to *date* him.

I think the best piece of wisdom I came away with from my car and only date is this, the last words of that wump journal entry: "I just don't know about all of this stuff. But if I go to a dance again, I go alone. It's more fun to have your pick of all the guys than to be stuck with one you don't really like anyway." That, more than anything, has held true. That's what's no fun about dates, or dating. Once you're stuck with one person, you begin to notice how awkward and cumbersome they are, and you become only too eager to shake them off, in favor of something lighter, more fun. It's quite possible I'll never go on another real date again, and really, I see no reason to mind.



Women I Have Watched

Sitting in that brown leather chair
She sucks on the edge of her coffee mug
Cocks her head to the right
And clears her throat
She asks what my plan is.
I search her waist
Her fingers crawl from her wrist to elbow
Dancing with the monotony of anticipation.
I slurp
She writes this down

Chunky black headphones around her ears
 Muse pumping her body back and forth
 Along the kitchen floor.
 Her foot balances her swaying weight
 On a cloth draped
 She uses as her trap.
 A humming note escapes the side of her
 Nose
 As she tries to be a part
 Of the chorus

Her body coiled around itself into a twist
She holds the brush delicately
And paints a red dot in the center
Of her fingernail.

The dress is shed and underneath only a bikini
Leaving her white flesh to curl around the taught material
Her lips part
Only teeth that spotless can express
The oddity in a strange moment of
Contentment.
She begins to move
Slow at first
She charges through the wet sand and falls
Too soon
Into the water.

The cow paysaia pants suit her well
When she dances.

Chiquita: Ragsdale's Current Promotional Strategy



Chigeta's Laser-Green PDA Promotional Striker



[by Wendy Tucker]

[by Hannah Allen]



DINO-MITTS AND BITTS

Hot, thick, smoggy air filled the lungs of a grant, lizard-like beast lurking in the deep thickets of the jungle-trees. Kris was always seen lurking in the jungle late at night. Mid-night snacks were an absolute necessity in the Dinokingdom. Kris enjoyed feeding on certain smaller creatures during the night. Being that Kris was a Tyrannosaurs Rex, naturally one of the rulers or Dinotopia, most of the Dinocritters knew what was up at feeding time.

A particular onlooking dinosaur who knew what was going on at feeding time was Pat, the friendly, ever-loving, brontosaurus. Pat spent a lot of time peering over trees and jungle-brush to see what was going on in the deeper-jungle, which was mainstream dinoscene. Often times Pat saw Kris lurking at odd hours in the night, seeking out prey, often times seeking out dinner. When Kris was not peeking into the jungle and wondering what was going on with everybody else, Kris could be found mingling about by the Dinocommunity watering hole.

The watering hole was quite a social site. It's where all the dinosaurs went to hang out when they weren't busy dealing with their stressful dinolives. The water was crisp, cool, and deliciously refreshing. It was actually quite bizarre that the water condition and quality were so wonderful. The general atmosphere around the time period would not suggest crisp, cool water. The weather was often times apocalyptic. The sky was always grey and the air was always thick and humid.

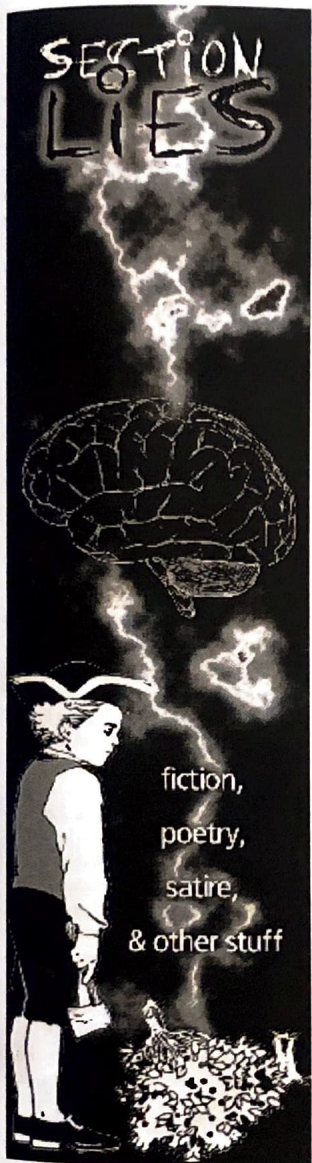
Crazy chemicals evaporated out of the constantly flowing lava from the several mountainous, rocky volcanoes that surrounded the area. The watering hole also had a pleasant glow to it. There was something mystical about that watering hole. The watering hole vibes were intense.

It's entirely possible that the watering hole mysteriously wonderful vibe is from the very first living creatures that once lived in that very land. It's said that their spirits still exist, and it makes sense that they would be living in a watering hole because the dinosaur community as a whole generally collects there and drinks and uses the water. If the spirits are existing in this water and these dinosaurs are drinking it, then the dinosaurs are drinking parts of the spirits, therefore passing on bits of these creatures through generations of new and up-and-coming species.

There is something to be said for the dinosaurs that live right by the watering hole. They're different then the rest of the dinosaurs in the land. They live by a hole filled with water containing ancient pre-historic spirits. Of course they're going to be different.

Steve and Bob were two *Tegosaur*'s who lived in the area. They were best friends. They always hung out together. They lived in a hollowed out rock cave next to Pats watering hole. Steve and Bob had been friends for a long time. Steve enjoyed searching for interesting new plants and Bob was always on the run. He was quite the social butterfly, so to speak, in the dinosaur kingdom. He had a lot of good connections, like

[[by Jenna Gotthelf]]



Please be assured that you will continue to receive all

fiction,
poetry,
satire,
other stuff

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while from our perspective, limited as it is by the tyranny of linear time, this would appear a random and undirected process.

Everyone holds the same beliefs about each person's preferences
as well as other work you've done as you've been learning
an interaction effect was significant before you leave
at critical response

Right speed
Right action
Right livelihood
Right effort
Right mindfulness
Right concentration

psychological and physiological effects of writing about personal

It's your big chance! We'll use the rest of the time to go over guidelines and questions about

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conditions of our Service Agreement. The agreement describes many of the features and benefits of our services and how we use your information. We encourage you to read the agreement carefully to understand how we use your information and how you can control your privacy settings. If you have any questions, please contact us at privacy@amazon.com.

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Kate, the pterodactyl.

Kate was often spotted flying over dinoland. She always knew what was going on. Kate was able to see the areas Pat couldn't because she flew above the jungle. Pat could just peer through. Similar to Kris, Kate also hunted for her food. She was a meat-eating dinosaur, and there was nothing like a good piece of dinoflesh to satiate her hunger. Often times Kate would pick up scraps from Kris's left-overs. Kris tended to have good taste in dinosaurs, so Kate was always in for a treat if Kris was around.

Interestingly enough, there was one thing that brought all of these dinosaurs together. It was the watering hole. On one particularly eerie day all five of these dinosaurs happened to be at the watering hole at the same time. Bob and Steve came out of their rock-den. Kate came back down to ground level. Kris took time out of their busy "constantly-hunting-prey" lifestyle. And Pat, well, let's just say Pat never really left the watering hole much. That was Pat's place. They all came together on that specific day. But why?

The sky had turned a fiery red. Asteroids flung down. Giant balls of fire flew ragingly through the air. There was chaos. Everywhere. Panic throughout the whole jurrasic kingdom. Panic—everywhere but—the watering hole. Kate, Bob, Steve, Pat, and Kris were isolated from the madness in a huge, clear, protective bubble that was all formed by the watering hole. At the center of the hole a triangle crystal emerged from the bottom of the hole. It spoke to the dinosaurs.

"GREETINGS." Said the crystal

A look of confusion was struck across the dinosaurs faces. What is this noise? Dinosaurs have never

heard spoken word before, let alone English. Contrary to popular belief, dinosaurs and humans did not co-exist. After ten minutes of confusion and miscommunication, the entire bubble was zinked into another new, strange and different land.

"Ah, barnacle Barry. It seems we have landed on Saturn. Again." Uttered the crystal.

Now by this point the dinosaurs did not know what to think. It's strange enough that they are all-together and haven't been eaten by Kris. Just the mere fact that they transported from their prehistoric comfortable environments to outer space, let alone Saturn, was definitely enough to blow their minds. They were 746 million miles away from home. That is 1.2 billion kilometers. Those dino-buddies were far from home.

"There is a secret lying for you in the liquid metallic hydrogen layer of Saturn. You are the chosen dinosaurs. For petes sake! Understand the words coming out of my crystal orifice! The fate of the universe lies in your hands!" Screeched the crystal.

At that moment Kris snapped into hunger mode. Now, there was some trouble. A deep low grumble was let out by Kris's belly. Kris flashed the bubble some teeth. Kate flew up to the highest point of the bubble to avoid contact with Kris, and with some wishful thinking, maybe get some left overs. Steve and Bob looked at each other in shock. Pat stood in place, with a satisfied and twisted grin as the heat of the bubble escalated. The crystal was shattered.

"Ohhh noooooooo! Look what you've doneeee!" Faintly escaped the shattering crystal, as it hit the ground and broke into a thousand little pieces.

Absolute chaos was unleashed

in its purest form ever. The bubble became absolute madness. There were screeches that could be heard in the sixth dimension. Kate flew violently above Kris, Bob, Steve, and Pat. Kris was a blood thirsty-maniac who was unable to control their footing and was stumbling and thudding around. Steve and Bob were surprisingly agile and managed to constantly avoid Kris. Pat still, remained still, completely cool, calm, and put together through all the madness.

Suddenly, Pat turned his head, and opened his mouth. Everyone froze. A noise came out of Pats mouth. Not just a noise, but **the** noise. Pat let out a groan that split a hole right down too the liquid metallic hydrogen layer of the planet. A silvery white wisp of smoke emerged.

"Oh my, oh my, oh my. Who ever did let out that groan? Why, I haven't heard anything like that in at least .5 billion years! The chosen one is back! Your back!" Bellowed the smoke. "You're back in the form of a giant pre-historic, earth dwelling giant lizard! Why...you're the thunder lizard! The brontosaurus!"

Everyone stood still with dumb-founded looks on their faces. Pat was the chosen one. It all made sense. That's why Pat was untouchable during Kris's hunger-rage-fest. That's why Pat lived right by the watering hole. That's why Pat over-looked the entire jungle. Among other things, that's why Pat was always so calm and complacent.

Pat knew what was going on the whole time. Pat was waiting for the opportunity to unleash the secret. The wisp of silvery white smoke spoke again.

"Pat. You know thais is a great responsibility. You have been chosen

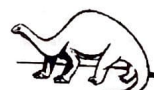
for a reason, and it's not just because you are super suave and fabulous, but because you have the gift. The power. The power to do whatever it is your heart and mind can muster up. You can use this power to do good deeds, or you can use it otherwise. But I strongly suggest you use your powers to help others. I put my trust and faith in you. I have to return to the liquid metallic hydrogen layer from which I come. Peace be with you, chosen one."

Just then a huge sphere of yellow light burst out of Pats chest. It was a warm and comforting light. It shined on Kris, Bob, Steve, and Kate. The chaos had stopped. Pat spoke:

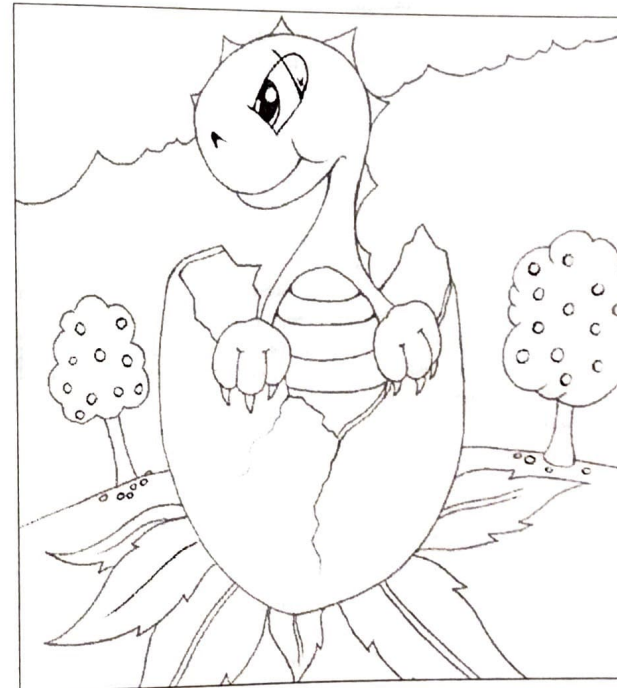
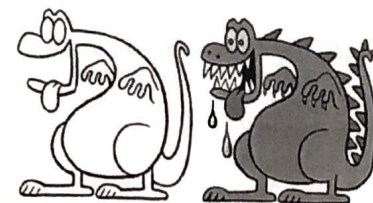
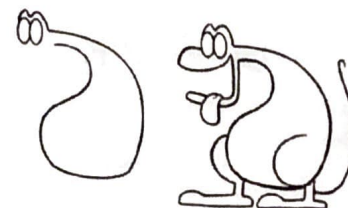
"My fellow dino-community members. I understand that we don't all necessarily get along, but we need to start working towards that goal. We need to work together and be functional. We can't hunt each other. We have to love each other. I'm using my power as the chosen one to transform our community into one of love and smiles and happiness. No more fear or being eaten, or the world coming to an end. We're going to work together. Love your neighbor. Lets get along."

And just like that, Pat sent that sphere of yellow light all throughout the universe. In that sphere was everything good. Finally, there was peace. Everything ever in existence lived happily ever after.

.the.end.



Fun Coloring Page!



David's Wisdom Nook

A Bi-Weekly Advice Column

[by David Mansfield] David Mansfield is the author of four self-help books: *Babies Don't Like Everyone*, *Finding Connections In A Reducible Society*, *Making Marriages Last*, and *The Great Big Book of Trains*. He currently lives in Amherst, Massachusetts, with his wife and three kids. A professor at Hampshire College, David teaches several classes, all of which deal solely with Roald Dahl's *Matilda*. He is very nice and you can all relate to him. If you have a question for David, you can email it to him at davidswisdomnook@gmail.com.

David,

My wife and I have been married for a little over a year, and so far things have been mostly good. Sure, we've hit the usual roadblocks encountered by people learning to live together, but for the most part we have been able to come up with mutually agreeable solutions. But there is one problem we have had trouble solving. I only went to college for two years, and dropped out by choice. I was working a job I liked in a city I liked, and I didn't think that college was necessary for my ambitions. Sure, I don't bring in tons of money, but I'm happy. My wife, however, thinks that I'm limiting myself. She has been continually pressuring me to go back to school since two months into the marriage, and I have been firm in my stance that I will not. I am touched that she cares about my success,

but insulted that she doesn't trust me enough to let me make my own decisions. What should I do?

Husband Is Not Keen On Returning To School

Dear HINKORTS,

Congratulations on avoiding problems like this for as long as you did. It happens in every marriage, and it sounds like you and your wife are good tandem problem solvers. So, what should you do? You have several options here. The first is to beat your wife at her own game. Next time she's playing Nintendo, just sneak up behind her and punch her in the head. This should let her know that you mean business: *no school* business, which is the fourth most serious kind of business. If you want to take a less violent approach, or if your wife doesn't play Nintendo, you can try to outdo her by secretly giving her a taste of her own medicine. Not literally, mind you. You'll just be doing the same thing she is to let her know how it feels. Let's see how *she* likes going back to school. But how to get her to school? You could try leaving a trail of her favorite snacks to the local university. I don't recommend this method, however, for one reason: crows. As we all learned from poor, unfortunate Hansel and Gretel's trail of crows that flew away because they smelled candy or something, crows cannot be trusted. If you want my

professional opinion, and I assume that you do, here is what I would do: Start wearing a fancy, tucked in button-up shirt and glasses. Whenever you talk to your wife, stand at the front of the room and gesture at the wall behind you when you hit salient points. Also, try to have between 20 and 150 twentysomethings in the room with her at all times. After this has been going on for a few weeks, move your bed into a college lecture hall while she is asleep, and when she wakes up she'll be acclimated to the change and not notice that anything is different. From there you will be able to slowly phase yourself out of the picture, and bam! She's back in school.

This plan will definitely work.

David,

My aunt is the queen of regifting. Every year during our family's secret Santa gift exchange, she passes on the gift that she received the year before. No one is comfortable confronting her about this, and every year it gets more tiresome. We have always been annoyed by her habit, but last week she crossed the line. Last Christmas I drew her name for secret Santa, and got her a gift that I thought fit her personality. Last week was my birthday, and I was pleasantly surprised when I found a box from her sitting on my doorstep. Surprise turned to shock when I realized that my "birthday present" was actually the gift I

gave her not a month ago. I cannot stand for this lack of respect. How can I confront her without sounding greedy?

Niece Is Fed Up and Ready To Confront Her Elder Demon

Dear NIFURTCHEd,

Ah, the regifter! It seems like every family has one, and recent scientific evidence suggests that this may indeed be the case. Regifters are actually more closely related to wallabies than humans, and feed by foraging for pine nuts, acorns, olives, and grape nuts. They also eat koalas, which are not actually bears but marsupials. I got to hold one once, and trust me, they are not bears. But even knowing this, how does one stop regifting? Have you tried introducing toads into your aunt's habitat? Maybe she hates toads or something.

Here's the bottom line: your aunt might hate toads, but how will you ever know until you try something? One is reminded of Abraham Lincoln's classic pickle dilemma. As a young man he hated pickles, and by "hated" I mean, "was afraid to try." Then one day in his old age, his niece gave him some pickles, which he ate and loved. I'm not suggesting that you pickle some toads, but you should be prepared to do so should it come to that. I hope this helps.

David,

My girlfriend, "Becky," and I have been together for three years, and our relationship is going strong. But I'm getting pretty nervous with Valentine's Day coming up. In the past

the only time I dreaded Valentine's Day was when I was single, so what's the problem? Well, there was an "incident" last year. Before the day last year, Becky and I discussed what we wanted to do, and she told me not to get her anything. I protested and said that I wanted to at least get her something small, but she was adamant that I not give her anything. She made it clear that this was not a situation where she actually did want something and wasn't saying it. As you can probably predict, I didn't get her anything and she was angry. So angry, in fact, that she gave me the silent treatment for a week. When she finally started talking to me again, she refused to discuss the Valentine's Day incident. Now Valentine's Day is coming up again, and she has told me that she doesn't want anything. What should I do? The obvious answer seems to be to get her something, but I feel like we should be mature enough not to play these games. Help!

Lover Is Confused By Inconsistent Desires

Dear LICBID,

It seems that you are learning just how mysterious the opposite sex can be. Men will never be able to fully comprehend women, and vice versa. However, this situation sounds like it has gone beyond misunderstanding and into the realm of manipulation. Communication is the most important part of any relationship, and she is willfully holding back communication.

If your horse falls in a ditch and breaks its leg, and you have to break its other legs to put it out of its misery, a good way to help your kids deal with it is to buy a horse-shaped piñata and let them have a go at it. That way, they're used to the idea of broken horses when you tell them the bad

news. The same thing applies to your relationship. If you will indulge the metaphor, your girlfriend's potential for anger over the lack of a gift is like a maimed horse that you aren't aware of. Before she unleashes it upon you, she needs to help ease you into her anger by buying you a piñata. She could put candy inside, but only a few pieces. The contents of the piñata should mainly consist of rolled up pieces of paper that say, "I am mad at you" on them. Communication and piñatas may seem like uneasy bedfellows, but they're more fun than talking and less awkward than physical intimacy, and sometimes that is just what the doctor ordered.

ATTENTION HAMPSHIRE STUDENTS!

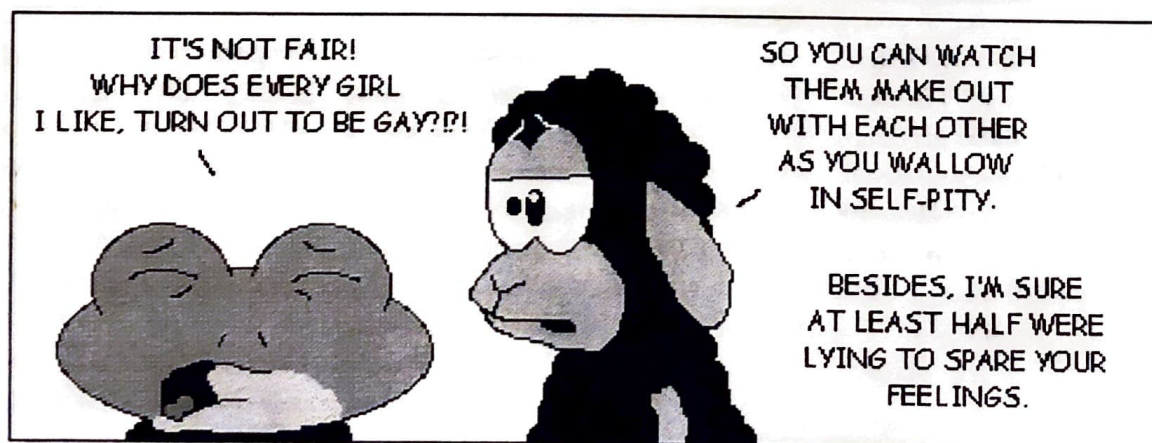
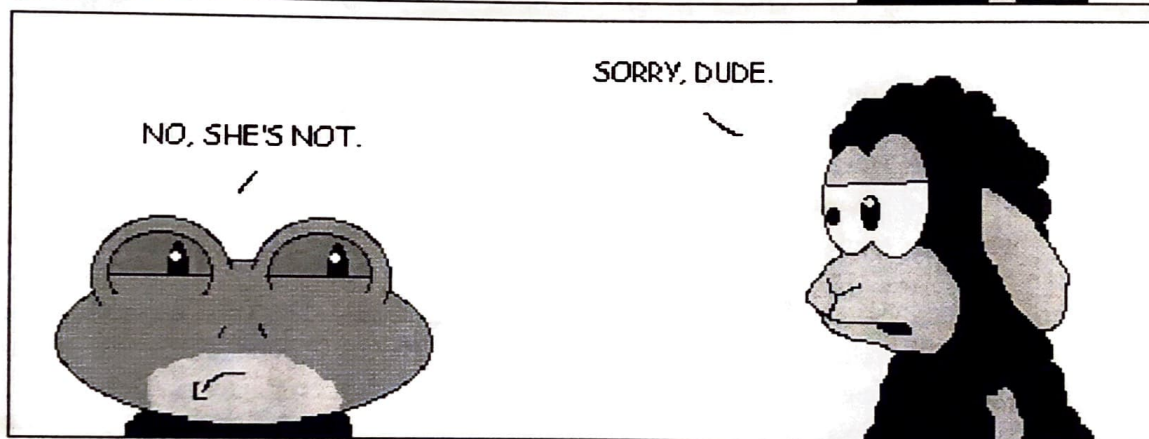
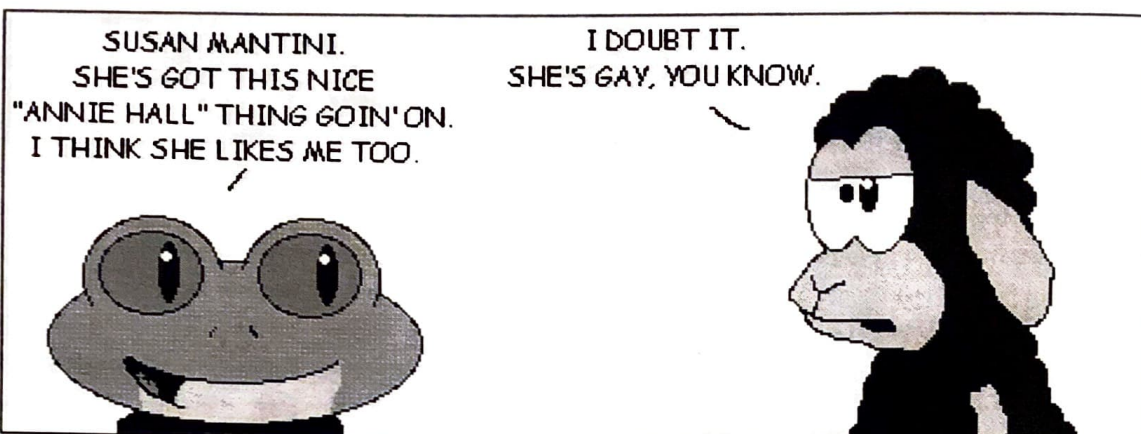
Do YOU know what courses you are taking this semester? For the Spring 2007 term, David Mansfield will be teaching four courses: Intro to Study of Roald Dahl's *Matilda*; Cross-Cultural Perspectives of *Matilda*; Science, *Matilda*, and Religion; and *Matilda* as Allegory for Japanese Foreign Policy. More information is available in the Hampshire College course catalog.

That's all for this time. For more, visit the archives at davidswisdomnook.blogspot.com.



BLACK SHEEP & FROG

...Discuss Frog's Secret Crush



BY ANDREW FLANAGAN